

366 SONNETS,  
*PARTHENOPHIL* | ^

SONNET XLVI;



H, FIERCE-EYE piercing eye, and blazing light I  
Of thunder, thunder blazes burning up ! O sun,  
sun melting! blind, and dazing sight! Ah,  
heart! down-driving heart, and turning up ! O  
matchless beauty, Beauty's beauty staining !  
Sweet damask rosebud! VENUS' rose of roses!  
Ah, front Imperious, duty's duty gaining! Yet  
threatful clouds did still inclose and closes,  
O lily leaves, when JUNO lily's leaves  
In wond'ring at her colours' grain distained !  
Voice, which rock's voice and mountain's hilly  
cleaves In sunder, at my loves with pain  
complained ! Eye, lightning sun ! Heart,  
beauty's bane unfeigned ! O damask rose !  
proud forehead ! lily! voice! Ah, partial  
fortune ! sore chance! silly choice !

SONNET XLVII .



GIVE me my Heart! For no man liveth  
heartless! And now deprived of heart, I  
am but dead, (And since thou hast it; in  
his tables read ! Whether he rest at ease, in  
joys and smartless ? Whether beholding him,  
thine eyes were dartless ? Or to what bondage,  
his enthrallment leads ?) Return, dear Heart!  
and me, to mine restore ! Ah, let me thee  
possess ! Return to me !  
I find no means, devoid of skill and artless.  
Thither return, where thou triumphed  
before !  
Let me of him but reposessor be !  
And when thou gives to me mine heart again;  
Thyself, thou dost bestow! For thou art  
She, Whom I call Heart! and of whom, I  
complain.